

WAX AND BUFF

One of your jobs at the Beverly Hills Safeway is running the wax and buff machine. Unobtrusively you course the aisles, pulling the trigger on the handle to squirt little white pools of wax onto the floor, deviating occasionally from the back and forth buffing motion to follow a fine pair of legs up one aisle, down the next, squirting at her heels. While spot checking for spills

one day, you spot Doris Day by the produce department. You hand pick some peaches for her and tell her you are from Maine and that your mother is her favorite fan and how did you like Maine when you filmed the one about lobsters with Ernie Kovacs? She is 5'2' and has huge knockers. You ask yourself, Is Rock Hudson really 6'4"? Is Alan Ladd really 5'6"? Next day.

Charles Bronson comes in with his 2 kids, only it's 1965 and no one knows who Charles Bronson is -- no one but you. Squirt and buff.

Squirt and buff. The store plays Xmas carols and it's 90 degrees outside. You feel like you're trapped in a time warp. You hear Kathy, your old girlfriend from Maine, laugh in the next aisle. You zip around the corner and nearly collide with Tallulah Bankhead, who is perusing the cottage cheese at the dairy cooler.

Oh, Kathy, you groan, we should have done it that night after the Senior Prom, on the front seat of my '61 Olds Dynamic 88 white convertible with the black top. One of the lady clerks grabs your arm, Hey, that's Tallulah Bankhead.